

# COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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## TO THE WEAVER BOYS OF LAN- CASHIRE.

THINGS TO LAUGH AT,

AND

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

London, Sept. 21, 1820.

WEAVER BOYS,

This was the appellation which, in scorn, was given to the brave and enlightened Reformers of Manchester and its vicinity, in the fall of the year 1816, that memorable epoch when *silly rioting ceased*, and when the resentment of the people was directed manfully and steadily against the real authors of oppressions and miseries. We have not yet fully accomplished our patriotic and loyal purpose; but we have made *great progress* towards it. Infinitely increased is the number of those, who see in *Reform*, and in that alone, a remedy for the evils that afflict

the country and endanger its tranquillity. Our enemies; I mean our great, unprincipled, greedy, cruel, and cowardly enemies; the monsters, who have so long been seeking our very blood, are now smitten with fear. They look around them in vain for a prop whereon to place *firm reliance*. Their *main prop* is, they find, no longer to be relied on. They are frightened; they, at last, see their danger—danger, from which they have no means of escape; or, at least, if they have any means of escape, this is the basest of all nations, and it deserves to be scourged, not with rods, but with scorpions.

While they are fretting and stewing, *let us laugh*; and God knows we have now things enough to laugh at. I shall take these things without much regard to the order in which I place them; but we shall find, that, even in this laughing work, we shall have a great deal to merit our attention.

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## THE PRESS.

First of all there is *the press*. Our enemies thought that they had stifled it, when they passed their *Six Acts* in November last. They thought that they had then got something as good as a Bourbon Censorship, especially as they therein sanctioned Sidmouth's Circular and Parson Hay's law of holding to bail. Nevertheless, they have in fact done nothing. The *Queen*, to destroy whom is their great object at present, praises the press; extols the liberty of the press; says that it is to the press that she in a great measure owes her safety. In this case we have a proof of her Majesty's good sense, discernment, sound judgment, and gratitude; for, never did human being owe more to the press than her Majesty owes. It has been a volunteer in her service too. Not such a volunteer as we shall by and bye find the yeomanry cavalry gentlemen to be; but a real volunteer, who has laboured with great effect and zeal, and without the possibility of receiving pay or reward of any sort. But the thing to laugh at in this instance is, that corruption com-

plains, that the *Queen* has *all the most able writers on her side!* Poor Corruption! Poor Boroughmongers! They cannot, then, get an able pen for love or money!

*Judge Parke* on the Northern Circuit made a long sermon to a Grand Jury about the mischiefs produced by the Press; and in the course of the sermon he said, that it was very wicked as well as very foolish, to set any value upon writing, whether in newspapers, pamphlets, or books, *merely because the thing was well written*. This was very true; for, a man may put very good writing into a work, the object of which is to justify or excuse a Despot, who is at the same time a debauchee, a drunkard, a spendthrift, a companion of cheats, liars, cowards, black-legs, contented cuckolds, and who is, himself, a cruel husband and a bad son; in short, a wretch whose consciousness of having not one single claim to respect, and every possible claim to universal detestation, would make him shun the sight of man as bats and owls shun the light of day. In justification or excuse of such a besotted and cowardly Despot, a base wretch hired for the purpose, might put forth



some very good writing. In justification or excuse of seat-selling tools of Corruption; of venal and prostituted Judges; of base and perjured Jurors; of place-hunting and blood-thirsty Magistrates; of murderers in the name of the law; of blood-money spies, hatchers of plots, and of all the other miscreants that do infest, or have at any time infested this world; in justification or excuse of any of these, very well written things may be sent forth.

Therefore I agree with Mr. Judge Parke that we are not to think well of a thing merely because it is well written. But in this case Mr. Judge Parke was speaking of the publications put forth in favour of Parliamentary Reform. That is to say, in favour of *Radical Reform*. And, the Judge, therefore, acknowledges that there is danger from the *good writing* in favour of such reform! This is something new, and it is something for us to laugh at. For a long while the contrary of this was asserted. Our writings were said to be very foolish; mere *trash*; only two-penny trash; only stuff to delude the *ignorant*. But now Mr. Judge Parke thinks it necessary to

warn even his *Grand Jury* against listening to the *good writings of the Radicals*! This is a thing to be borne in mind. It is not the trash that they are any longer afraid of: it is the *good writing* that they are afraid of, and they have now found out that it is very wicked or very foolish to approve of good writing.

It is very true that we long ago, or rather they long ago proved by the shackles imposed upon the Press, that we possessed talents superior to those possessed by a thousand legislators, two thousand Magistrates, and twenty thousand Bishops, Deans and Parsons, all having leisure and money to assist them. This fact was proved long enough ago; but now it is acknowledged; or else why give the country a caution against the power of the good writing of the Radicals?

*Judge Bailey*, lately at York, gave a long sermon to his Grand Jury upon the subject of seditious and blasphemous publications. This he did upon the hypothesis that some of the men brought before him, *might* have been misled by such publications. He had no proof before him that they had been misled

by such means; but upon the supposition, that they might have been so misled; he took occasion to speak with strong reprobation of such publications, and to inculcate morality and the fear of God. Now, though I see no immediate cause for these observations, especially as there are about twenty or thirty thousand Parsons, regular and sectarian, constantly on duty, or at least in constant pay; yet I am far from disapproving of the Judge's sermon, and only object to it's brevity. In speaking of our morals, he might have inveighed with just bitterness against those who pour out upon the public and worm into every cottage in the kingdom the grossest and most loathsome obscenity; and thereby make the common talk of the people such as has hitherto been confined to the circles of the debauched, the degenerate and beastly crews that distinguish the west end of the Metropolis. He might have extended his reprobation to the double distilled adulterers that are so notorious; to the men who have two women living at one time, both of whom have been their wives, to the infamous women who flaunt about and unconcernedly meet their two husbands at a ball; and he might, as he was in the moral humour, have dwelt upon the duties of a husband; he might have reprobated the wretch who takes a wife merely for the purpose of getting a deliverance from his debts; then surrounds her with bawds and prostitutes in the hope of obtaining, by causing her to be seduced, the grounds for a release from his marriage contract; and next, finding these efforts unavailing, treats her with unbearable brutality, drives her from his house and then lays a plot for her destruction. Instances of this sort have not been wanting in this wicked world; and, as domestic fidelity is the basis of all morality in families; and as all societies must consist of families, this was a branch of his subject which the pious Bailey ought not to have left untouched. He, however, seems to have thought that God was most likely to be offended with things about which God has not thought proper to give us any commands at all, it being no where said in Holy Writ, that there shall not be a Reform in our Parliament, and he having no where said that men shall not seek to obtain



such Reform. The Judge's sermon was good as far as it went; but it unfortunately stopped just at the point where it might have gone into very useful matter.

#### THE PARSONS.

It will be unbecoming in us to laugh outright at these reverend persons; but it is nevertheless proper that we notice a little of their conduct upon the present occasion. Amongst the hundreds of thousands of persons that have come forward to address her Majesty the Queen, there have been, in England, but two Parsons out of, at least, *five and twenty thousand*, including the Dissenters. These are, Dr. Parr, who is a Rector of a Parish in Warwickshire, and Mr. Hutchins, who is the *Curate* of Kimpton and Grately, in Hampshire. I said in a former Register that it was Mr. Fowle of Kimpton, because I found in the books, that Mr. Fowle was the Rector of the Parish of Kimpton. I was surprised at the time, that a Rector should have done such a thing, and I am really pleased at the discovery that the gentleman was a Curate. It is curious, however, to observe, how *shy* the Parsons have been upon this

occasion. They are a very prudent, a very cautious, a very far-seeing race. The lawyers, though excessively cunning, fall short in this respect of the Parsons. I have often thought of what would be the result, if twenty or any given number of each were set to work to strive for the attainment of the same object. Upon a reflection, however, after having duly considered all the various faculties and efforts which each should bring into play, I have always in the end awarded the superiority to the Parsons; and an old friend, who is now in America, and who I hope is in good health to read this, will recollect, that it was about twelve years ago decided by him and me, that if twenty Parsons and twenty Lawyers were shut up without fire or victuals to the end of their days, to strip and to eat each other, the Lawyers would be naked first and the Parsons alive last. With regard to her Majesty the two races have acted, with some very few exceptions amongst the Lawyers, precisely the same part. The Lawyers, however, are less noted. The Queen's case did not naturally and necessarily call upon them; but to the Par-

sons it made a direct appeal.—How they ever can again exhort the people to domestic fidelity; how they can exhort husbands to be kind to their wives; how they can ever again condemn perfidy, false swearing and subornation, it is impossible for me to conceive. *Mr. Hume*, in his speech on Monday last in the House of Commons, made some observations on the Church establishment, very well worthy of attention. That is not the last that the Reverend Gentlemen will hear on that subject; for amongst the good things that her Majesty has done is that of enabling us to judge more correctly than we were able to do before of the real tendency and effect of that establishment.—Two Parsons, a man at Manchester, whose name I have forgotten, and Parson Cunningham of *Harrow*, have openly taken the field against the Queen. To the former I gave his payment four weeks ago; and the latter has received a pretty decent drubbing from the *Traveller* and the *Times*. I propose to say a word to him by and bye, and will make him perceive, that, like the great mass of his brethren, it will be

his prudent course to confine his future efforts to his Pulpit.

It is curious to observe how exactly, in every branch of the system, the observation holds good, that the Queen's enemies and the enemies of the Radicals are the same. There is this little difference in the case of the Parsons, that they dared *openly* assail us; whereas, they are extremely shy in the case of the Queen, and carry on towards her a sort of negative hostility. They set their wives and daughters and sons to work, they give the farmers and their wives chilling and forbidden *looks*, they proceed with abundant industry but with great reserve and circumspection at the same time. But, after all, the light is too strong, and the people's eyes too penetrating to suffer any part of their conduct to escape observation. They see as clearly as the Boroughmongers see the tremendous danger to them which the triumph of the Queen would produce. They, like the Boroughmongers, wish her out of the country as rats wish a cat out of the house. And yet, the case is so flagrant; all efforts to effect the object are so odious;



there is so much danger attending their making such efforts, that they, though they clearly see that the triumph of the Queen must finally lead to what they dread, as much, at least, as they dread the Devil, they dare not, in order to prevent that triumph, stir hand or foot. There they are, then, spell bound and trembling: there let them be, and let us laugh at them.

#### CANNING.

If we are not allowed to laugh at this fellow; then, there must be a law against laughing. Whither he is gone, what is become of him, nobody pretends to be able to tell. He is a Privy Councillor; he is a Cabinet Minister; he is President of the Board of Control; and he is gone out of the country. He is gone after his wife, some say. How different from some men! He is gone to sea to get at his wife: some go to sea to get from their wives. In short, Canning has slipped out of the way. The Duke of Wellington is gone abroad, too. What is the great "*Captain of the Age*" gone for? Is he gone after his wife, too? Is it a love of kisses or a hatred of kisses that has sent him away?

Never was such a wondering woman as her Majesty. She has done more in a hundred days than all of us were able to do in the course of thirty years. She has delivered us of Canning, that bothering, that hectoring, that swaggering blade, that surpassed both Bardolph and Pistol: that bully of the boosing ken of Liverpool; that bold defier of men without arms in their hands and with muzzles on their mouths; that hectorer who exclaimed, "If I disfranchise Grampound, it is because I will preserve Old Sarum!" That impudent, that insolent son of Mrs. Hunn; that brazen jester; that iron-hearted insult-er of the bowels of Ogden: he is gone, and my sincere opinion is, that he never will return. It is a cunning fellow. It has noted well the consequences of remaining a little too long: it assisted to pass a law for banishing Radical writers; and in less than a twelvemonth, it has thought proper to banish itself. This Canning was one of those who menaced our great, gracious and glorious Queen with prosecution if she should dare to set her foot on English ground. He was one of those who for-

bade her to come, during any part of her life, to England. What a change! The Queen is in England and Canning is gone away from it! He is now in exile. He has now to hear of the processions to Brandenburgh House, and of all the other numerous circumstances and events, so well calculated to sting him to the soul. I wish I knew where the fellow was. I would send him a copy of the "*Peep at the Peers*," to amuse him in his hours of solitude. I would send him several other things, and particularly her Majesty's gracious answers to the Mechanics of London and the Sailors of the Thames. Oh! what a stab these must give to the heart of this enemy of truth and of human freedom! He, it was, as he confesses, who was the principal adviser of her Majesty to quit the kingdom. Did he give her a caution when the Ministry sent out the Milan Commission? Did he act as her friend then? Did he let her know of the reports that were circulated against her? No: but he was one of the Ministers, who sent out a secret commission to hunt over Italy for evidence whereon to degrade and destroy her. This caps the climax of his character. Here we have Canning in his true colours. He was our most bitter and most active enemy; and how good and how sacred must then be our cause! He advised her to go abroad, he says, because he saw that "faction had marked her for its own." Has he mended the matter? By *faction* he meant the people; the oppressed people; and they certainly had marked her for their own; for her Majesty was their fellow sufferer. His projects are, however, all now defeated. The people have now marked her as their own. He and his faction are defeated; and he never will again dare to shew his face before her Majesty. This man, a blustering bully in politics; a defier of men in dungeons and men without arms; a swaggerer with a hundred thousand men at his back, slinks away upon the approach of danger. Did he approve of the prosecution of the Queen; why then did he not stay to carry through the prosecution? Did he disapprove of the prosecution; why then did he not stay to oppose the prosecution? There is no possible excuse for this man. He is plunged into difficulties out of which he can



never extricate himself. He has lost the dignity which our hatred threw around him; and is become an object of nothing but contempt. By keeping out of England he may still live and eat and drink and sleep; and there let him live. If he has any feeling left it must be that which has been described as having been the portion of Lucifer. Let him have that feeling and let us laugh him to scorn.

#### YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

You will say that this is no laughing matter; and, in one sense it is not, but, there are some circumstances belonging to this description of persons that ought to be made known? They are called *volunteers*: and the word volunteer means a man who serves without pay; or else, all the regular soldiers are volunteers, for they enter the service without being forced. We are everlastingly told, too, of the disinterested services of these gallant gentlemen, a specimen of which services you had at Manchester on the 16th of August, 1819, a day never to be forgotten any more than Sidmouth's letter of thanks to the Yeomanry employed upon that occasion. What are the real

objects of embodying and keeping up this species of troops, I need not tell you; you know very well what they are raised and kept up for. You know very well who they are and what they are; but it is possible that you may not know that your labour helps to PAY these gay and gallant and disinterested gentlemen. It is my duty, therefore, to inform you, that these volunteer corps, or yeomanry cavalry, stand with a sum against them, in the army estimates of the present year, of 169,500 pounds 13 shillings and 10 pence! A pretty round sum! Now mark, 17,279 old soldiers, *pensioners*, do not receive so much as this by about ten thousand pounds. So you see, these volunteer gentlemen actually cost us more money than this great number of old soldiers, all of good character, mind, who have faithfully served in that army, which has fought so many bloody battles. Take another view of the matter. The whole body of our artillery, which is by far the best corps of the kind that any nation has ever seen; this whole body, men, officers and all, this corps of such fine men, so full of skill, of genius, of ability of all sorts, this

corps that has the care of so many garrisons, and that has had so much to do in the defending the country and its colonies, and in the deciding of almost every battle by land; this corps, containing such an immense mass of merit; this whole corps, men, officers, and every thing, receives but little above *one third* more than these volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry! The whole of the foot guards, *nine effective battalions* of the best soldiers that ever were brought into a field, and almost every man of whom has been either wounded, or wears a medal, on account of some memorable service. The whole of these battalions, all the officers, all the men, all the cloathing, every thing belonging to this matchless little army: stout men; picked men; choice soldiers; all these battalions of Guards, cost us only *fifty-four thousand* pounds a-year more than the Yeomanry Cavalry troops, of whom you saw a specimen on the 16th of August, 1810. All the Horse Soldiers in the army, that is to say, two regiments of Life Guards; one regiment of Horse Guards; seven regiments of Dragoon Guards; two regiments of Dragoons; twelve regiments of Light Dragoons; making in the whole, twenty-four regiments of Horse Soldiers, including horses, arms, furniture, cloathing, pay of officers, pay of men; every thing taken together, do not cost three times as much as these bands of volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry! These are facts for you; and let the flippant *petit maitre*, Lord Palmerston, contradict me if he can. The cost of these gentry, therefore, is no laughing matter; but, the *cheapness* of them; their disinterestedness is a thing which we may amuse ourselves with. Recollect, too, that these Yeomanry gentlemen are excused from the horse duty. That you will perceive is worth to them each about as much money every year as would pay a foot guardsman for about *forty days*, and I imagine that forty days is a little more than any of these people spend in military service. You will now know something more about these corps than you knew before. We are not told, nor need we care, in what manner this money is given to the Yeomanry. We know that it comes out of our labour. We know that if it were paid out upon them, those that pay



the taxes would not have so much of tax to pay; and that is all that we need know about the matter. Whether they receive it in victuals, drink, laced-jackets, or in hard money, I care not a straw. I know that they have it, and that is enough for me. For my part I confess, that I was fool enough to believe that they could not receive any money from us; and yet it seemed strange that they should sally forth without receiving something in some shape or other. In this state of doubt I resolved to look into the matter, and the result was that which I have stated to you: so that now when you see any of these gallant troops, pray consider them as being *in your pay*; and when you hear them pretending to be public spirited and loyal gentlemen coming forth purely for the public good, take the liberty to laugh as much as you please.

#### LOCAL ADJUTANTS.

You may remember that, some years ago, you were called forth by compulsion, to serve in corps called Local Militia. Those corps have been long since disbanded. We have almost forgotten them. They have no existence in any shape.

There is no law for calling them out and renewing them. What, therefore, will be your surprise to hear, that we have 20,495 pounds a-year to pay to *Adjutants of Local Militia*! There are, it seems, no less than two hundred and eighty of these men, amounting to an average of seven to a county, who are paid out of the public taxes, at the rate of four shillings a-day each, or seventy-three pounds sterling a-year; so that they swallow up very nearly as much money as it takes to pay the pensions of *three thousand of our old soldiers*! Many of these Adjutants have never seen a day's service in their lives; and yet, in consequence of the few days that they were out exercising, or pretending to exercise, or imitating exercise, never going out of their own county; for this little trifling nothing of a service, two hundred and eighty of them are receiving as much money out of the fruits of the people's labour, as the whole of the pensions of nearly three thousand of our old soldiers, the greater part of whom have, perhaps, been wounded in battle! Think of this! This fact is of more importance than a thousand decla-

matory harangues. Facts like this stick by us; and it has been a great part of my duty to communicate such facts *to you*. As to communicating them to those who had the power of bringing them forward, and proposing correction of abuses, that I long tried in vain. Only think of these Adjutants receiving seventy-three pounds a-year each, with liberty to go where they please, and do what they please, while a subaltern officer in the army, who has probably escaped from death in twenty battles, is thrown upon half-pay with a less sum, and restrained, at the same time, from following any trade whereby to assist him in making out a living! Only think of this seventy-three pounds a-year to each of these men, while thousands upon thousands of Midshipmen in the Navy, who, for years have been engaged in battles and all sorts of dangers, and have led lives harder than that of a dog, are turned adrift, without a penny of compensation, to beg, or to starve, their age being such as to render them extremely inapt to take to any pursuit disconnected with the sea! Is it faction, as the reptiles call it; is it faction that dictates observations like these; or is it a love of justice and of humanity? These Local Militia Adjutants; these favoured persons are, you see, distributed about in the counties. It would be curious to ascertain what they were before they became Adjutants; who got them their appointments; *who they are related to*: in short, it is the duty of every man, in every part of the country, to make such inquiries; to keep these facts that I have stated in his mind; and to spread as widely as he can, the knowledge of them amongst his neighbours. In fact, it is the duty of every body who sees a person with regard to whose manner of getting his living, no notoriety exists in the neighbourhood, to make enquiries how he gets his living. This is acting up to the spirit of the law. The law requires that justices of the peace should bring men before them and women too, who have no visible means of getting their living, and make them give an account of themselves. The law does not say that a poor man shall be subject to this law, and that a rich man shall not. It extends to gaily dressed fellows, as well as to fellows



clothed in rags; nor does the circumstance of keeping a carriage and servants at all prohibit the magistrate from making such inquiries. When, in 1789, or 90, BURKE first used his prostituted pen, in defence of the old despotism of France, and, in order to urge England into a war with that country, DAVID WILLIAMS, in a pamphlet published soon afterwards, said, that if he were a justice of peace for the county of Berks, he would actually have him taken up, and make him give an account of the manner in which he got his living. Mr. Williams was perfectly right; for the old hack had no *visible* means of living; and, in a few years after, he was fastened upon the public for a pension of three thousand pounds a-year for his life, with remainder to his wife for fifteen hundred a-year, if she should outlive him; and, at the same time he got a grant of £2,500 a-year to be paid to his executors for five lives; and the fact is, that this burthened nation has already paid more than seventy thousand pounds to this man, his wife, and executors, and we are still paying two thousand five hundred a-year to those executors. If Mr. Wil-

liams had been a justice of peace of the county of Berks, and had had the old apostate taken up, he would have found him destitute of the means of honestly obtaining a livelihood; and would have committed him as a vagrant, of course. All those who reside in the different parts of the county, whatever figure they may cut, ought to be suspected of living by improper means, unless their proper means are subject of notoriety. The late Garnier, of Wickham, used to be looked upon as a great country squire, until I told the people who he was, and what he was, and how he got his money. This is the way to humble them. The "*Peep at the Peers*" has done much; but much more remains to be done. We must get together the names of all those who live upon the taxes, if possible; make a complete alphabetical list of them; then find out their places of residence; so that every man, in his own neighbourhood, may know what part of his showy neighbours are fed by his labour. In the present instance, I have been able to get at only the *cost* of the Local Militia Adjutants. Another time, I will, if I can,

get at their names, so that we may have them posted up and brought home to the knowledge of those who pay them. It surely is not too much for us to know who those are that live upon our labour.

#### WIDOWS' PENSIONS.

We pay 114,882 pounds in pensions to the widows of officers of the army. As it requires that the officers should be killed in battle, or in actual service abroad, this is a sum towards which I should cheerfully contribute. But, while we pay pensions to the widows of commissioned officers, is it just that the widows of the *men* should receive no pensions at all? Upon what ground, I should be glad to know, is this distinction made? The soldier loses a life as well as the officer. His widow is bereft of her husband as well as the officer's widow. Her children are left destitute as well as the officer's children. And these officers' widows receive as much, in pensions, as about *thirteen thousand* old soldiers receive in pensions. This is a very curious fact; and well worthy of being borne in mind. There appears to be no reason why the poor man's wife and

children should not be taken care of, as well as the rich man's. It may be said that the soldier's widow and children may go to the workhouse; but the workhouse is a different thing from a pension; or, if it be not, why should not the officer's widow and children go to the workhouse? But, as we shall all along find, the good things are kept for those who have already enough.

#### GENTLEMEN SOLDIERS.

If we *had* a member of Parliament; if we had one, who would not gabble for us, but who would work for us, the facts I am now about to state to you would have been circulated long enough ago. Formerly, the English Army, Navy, and Artillery were, in considerable part, supplied with commissioned officers from the ranks and from amongst the able seamen. This practice was politic, as well as just. It operated as a great encouragement to good behaviour, trust-worthiness, fidelity, and courage. But, of late years, and particularly since the Duke of York has been Commander-in-Chief, and since the elder Melville was put into the Admiralty, a new, and widely different, system has prevailed.



Academies and Colleges have been established for the purpose of breeding up, and educating, a pack of boys for the express purpose of making them commissioned officers in the Army and Navy and Artillery. An immense pile of building, one of the most grand and splendid in the kingdom, has been erected at a place called Sandhurst, between Bagshot and Basingstoke, in the county of Surrey or of Berks, and at about 38 miles from London. The spot was a barren heath; it has been inclosed, elegantly laid out with plantations, splendid coach roads and other decorations, extensive kitchen gardens, porters' lodges and all the other concomitants of grandeur. In addition, there is a long row of elegant mansion houses at a distance from this magnificent building. Each house has its separate commodious garden. The houses stand at forty or fifty paces from each other. There is a terrace, in front, and other decorations common to them all; and the whole area is inclosed by a fence, the very look of which convinces you that the architect cared nothing about the expence. The cost, altogether, of this place, has probably been a million of

money. It was erected under every possible disadvantage, as to expence. A pond of water has been made by excavation; and a redoubt erected, that the "*young gentlemen*" may play at soldiers. In this place, there are, it seems, kept between two and three hundred "*gentlemen Cadets*." They have a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor, a Major, four Captains of Companies, with Quarter-Master, Pay-Master, Adjutant, Chaplain; Sergeants, a band of music, Drummers, Fifers, and a whole crowd of professors and masters, with twenty-three men servants, four women servants, a cook and three kitchen maids, two house-keepers, and a parcel of *nurses*, whether wet or dry, is not stated. This is a goodly family for the nation to keep! The Secretary at War gives us an account even of their washing, down to their very sheets, and of the repairing of their shoes. It is, in some respects, as much like the account of our master of the work-house, at Bishop's Waltham, as any thing that I ever saw. This, you will observe, is the seed-bed for rearing young officers to command those of the fathers, sons, uncles and brothers of us radicals who happen to become

soldiers; and observe, too, that, if the commissioned officers be taken from this seed bed, there can, of course, no officers be taken from *the ranks*. The above establishment is called the ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY. There is another Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, for the purpose of supplying the Artillery with gentlemen officers. There is another for instructing the young officers of Engineers. And, at Portsmouth, there is a Royal Naval College for the supplying of the navy!

Now, Blackstone says, that, in England; that, in this country of *Freedom*, there can be no danger from a standing army; because, says he, and I beg you well to attend to this *because*: because "the officers, being  
"taken promiscuously out of  
"the mass of the community,  
"having been educated in the  
"principles of freedom, and the  
"men having had the same sort  
"of education, never can be  
"supposed likely to become the  
"instruments of despotism; or  
"to turn their arms against the  
"freedom of their country!"—

What would Blackstone say if he were alive now. I have not Blackstone before me, at this moment. I will not swear to

the words, but I will to the sentiments. And, if those sentiments be just, what is the natural and necessary conclusion? Why, it is this: that, if the officers of an army be not taken promiscuously out of the mass of the community; but be trained up from their infancy as a distinct cast wholly cut off from general society, habituated to implicit obedience to the Sovereign, and those under him, they are likely to become dangerous to public liberty. In truth, it is against nature to suppose that such men, when they grow up to be men, can have any feelings in common with the people. They are so completely cut off from every sort of communication with the people; they are under such rigid discipline, that it is impossible that they can have any notions in common with those that are afloat in the country. By the superintendence of Magistrates, Police-men, horse and foot, Spies and Informers, the Press has but a very poor chance, even in towns and villages. The inn-keepers and publicans, whose houses are places of great resort, are, indirectly, under controul as to the publications to be read in their houses. No man, I will

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venture to say, that values his licence, will dare to suffer this Register to lie exposed on a table in his house. What, then, do you think must be the freedom of the Press in the Royal Military Academies and Colleges! Not one publication is there ever seen except such as the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or Major chooses to licence. Long ago the regimental messes have been instructed, as well as the ward-rooms on board the ships of war, not to permit such and such publications to be introduced, and, if introduced, to banish them. What freedom of the Press, then, can you believe that the infants enjoy in the Royal Academies and Colleges.

Thus, then, you see the seed beds, or nurseries which have been invented to supply the army and navy with commissioned officers. These pretty pupils are, of course, not taken from amongst the sons of the "*lower orders*." The fact is, that they are the sons of the Aristocracy: and, of persons who have what is called *interest*. What that word interest means, you know very well.—This is a new feature in the English Military and Naval

force. There was before, a sort of connection and intermixture. A young gentleman became an officer in the Army or Navy; because he had a *taste* for it.—He had, generally, something of fortune besides. But now, he has to be nursed, washed, shod, clad and fed at the public expence, before he becomes an officer. Observe, he knows how to do nothing but be an officer. Take him from that and he is the most helpless and destitute of creatures. Can there be imagined a creature more dependent than this?

The common soldier can, of course, have no hope of ever rising to be an officer; and, as to the Navy, I believe that, according to positive regulation, no common seaman can now be promoted to the rank of a commissioned officer; though, under the old system, we had several very excellent Admirals that came from before the mast.—However, it may be said, that as soldiers and sailors now *know this*, they enter into the Army and the Navy with their eyes open; and have, therefore, no reason to complain. But, if they have no reason to complain, we have; for there is something else besides the poli-

tical considerations, which belongs to this subject of Academies and Colleges; and that is, the expence, which, for the current year, is as under:

Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst - - - -	£21,471
Royal Military Academy at Woolwich - - - -	7,780
Royal Naval College at Portsmouth - - - -	7,220
Instruction for young Gentlemen Engineers - - -	2,020
	<hr/>
	£38,500

Thus, there is paid out of the taxes raised upon the people at large this sum of money for teaching, feeding, cloathing, lodging, and nursing, the sons of the nobility, parsons, and others of the "*higher orders*," in order duly to qualify these gentry to take command of those of the "*lower orders*" that may become soldiers and sailors. If this be fair play the devil is in it. I believe it to be the first instance of the kind in the world. We know very well that, by paying placemen, pensioners, sinecurists, grantees, and taxing people; we know very well that by paying them immense sums of money, we do enable them to cloath, feed, lodge, wash, mend, and teach their children; but this is the first instance that I ever heard of, of a direct charge being

made upon the labouring classes, who are stigmatized by the appellation of "*the lower orders*;" this is the first instance that I ever heard of, of the lower orders being taxed for the purpose of keeping at a school and paying for the schooling, and other necessities of the children of the "*higher orders*."

If we *had* a Member of Parliament! Oh, if we *had* but a Member of Parliament, how clear all these matters would soon be made. In stating the sums as above, you will observe that there is the interest of the money which all these buildings have cost. They have not cost so little as a million of money. The interest of that is *fifty thousand* pounds a year. These buildings decay. Twenty years purchase for a house is a good price. So that, the education of these pretty gentlemen cadets does not cost us less than about *ninety thousand a year*! Some of them go to the College mere babies. I have seen some little pale looking ricketty things, with their foraging caps on and G.R. in the front of them, who appeared to me not to be so high as to reach my lower rib, and who seemed as if they stood in need of their mama much



more than of a drill serjeant. Only think of rattling such poor little creatures up in the morning, by the sound of the drum! Only think of making them march about in ranks and files and columns, with their poor little hands down by the side of their thighs, their heads poked up and their little feet flung out before them; with a great big serjeant in the front bawling "eyes right!" and "eyes left!" "halt, wheel, halt, march!" and God knows what besides, while a contagious belly-ache runs through the ranks of the infantine army! Some of them *die*, of course; for I see that they have doctors; and Gil Blas says, that when his master was ill, the servants, who were very fond of their master, upon seeing three physicians come into the house, fell violently to weeping and gave him up for dead. Now, our Cæsars go to the academy, I believe, at the age of eight or ten years. They cannot very well be fit for commanders before they get into their teens. Suppose, however, that they reach eighteen, upon an average, before they get commanders of men. They cost us about 200*l.* a year a piece; so that, they ought to be

pretty valuable; since they must cost, upon an average, about *sixteen hundred pounds per head*; that is to say, if, with good doctoring and good nursing, they reach their eighteenth year. But, there must be some *casualties*, as they call it in the army. No desertions, of course; but some deaths; and, in every case of death, there's all our money gone! All our cloathing, all our food, all our washing, lodging and shoe-mending, nursing and all: all is a sheer loss. So that, we may fairly calculate, I think, that for every gentleman cadet that we bring to maturity, we pay, first and last, rather more than two thousand pounds! These little gentlemen have masters of all sorts. Masters of French, masters of German, masters of landscape drawing; and, what is truly curious, the naval cadets have dancing masters found them, at our expence, which the military cadets do not appear to have. So that, we shall have, please God they live and do well, plenty of dancing Post-Captains and Admirals. Is not this a pretty way of spending our money? And do we not really live under a government, that is the "envy of surrounding na-

"tions and the admiration of  
"the world?"

You have been surprized, I dare say, as I myself was, to see that only four or five women belong to the Sandhurst establishment, while there are twenty-three men servants. But I believe that the establishment in the Academy itself is purely male. The women, I think, live in a detached department at a considerable distance, except the *nurse*, perhaps, or in cases where the gentlemen cadets are very young. Under so moral a government, care is taken, of course, to suffer no females to approach that are not of very considerable age. Indeed, when we reflect that this establishment is under the controul of the Duke of York, we naturally anticipate the adoption of every precaution calculated to insure the banishment of every thing hostile to morals. The situation of the Academy is such as to preclude the possibility of the approach of any persons not expressly admitted. There is roll-call and parade, and go-to-bed-tom, and every thing, just as in a barrack. So that, the place is, at once, an Academy, a monastery and a fortress. The youths take the order, if I may

so express myself, at their entrance. They devote their vessels wholly and entirely to the service; and the distance at which they are placed from all temptation produces, I believe, a stricter conformity to their vows than used to be observed by those rosy gilled monks that the French did so well to kick out of their convents.

Thus, my friends, I have given you some account of the new manner of providing the army and the navy with commissioned officers. It is a matter that you did not understand before; and yet it is a thing very well worth taking the trouble to understand, as to the real object that our rulers have had in view in making these establishments at such an enormous expence, I shall offer no opinion; for, though I know the object pretty well, I am quite certain that the object will not be effected. I am very sure that events will evacuate the academies before much time has passed over our heads. At the conclusion of the war, they were kept up upon an argument of this sort, and I beg you to notice the argument: It was said that, *having made the establishments*, they surely



ought to be kept up. This argument, which might have been unsatisfactory to contentious persons, was quite sufficient to satisfy our faithful Representatives. Having made an unnecessary and mischievous establishment; this *having been done* was, with our faithful gentlemen, an unanswerable argument for keeping up those establishments. It was an unanswerable argument in favour of keeping a hot-bed for rearing military and naval officers; though, at that very time, *ten thousand* subalterns and midshipmen were actually sent off upon half-pay. In this half-pay list we have a stock of ready made officers; experienced officers; officers that want to be employed; we have a stock enough to last us for twenty years; by the bringing of these into full pay from the half-pay list, or from the list of midshipmen, we do an act of justice and of great benefit to the party brought in; and we save, to ourselves, the expence of the half-pay at the same time. No! the faithful Representatives did not understand this; and, therefore, they determined to tax us for the expence of keeping up hot-beds to raise a fresh stock

of plants for the army and the navy. After this; with this staring him full in the face, what a reprobate wretch; what a seditious and blasphemous wretch must he be, who will venture to deny that our government is the "envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world."

#### THE ARMY.

This was, some time ago, a most ticklish subject. To speak to a soldier was almost as dangerous as really to commit high treason. Our pretty gentlemen, as you well know, passed a law in 1817, to put us to death if we attempted what they called *seducing a soldier from his duty*. And, it was next to impossible to have any thing to do with a soldier, without exposing one's self to this charge. For instance, suppose a carpenter to ask a soldier to go and drink a pot of beer with him, and suppose the soldier to be required, while drinking the pot of beer, to be in his guard-house or barracks. Here is seduction from duty; and, good Heavens! any man, according to that law, might be hanged for inviting a soldier to take a pot of beer, though that soldier might be

his son or his brother! Talk of DRACO, indeed! How could DRACO, or any other lawgiver, surpass this?

The smooth, precise, really very pretty clerk, commonly called Lord Palmerston, who is his Majesty's Secretary at War, and who has the superintendence (very properly) of the shirts, shoes, cravats, and clouts of the Academy at Sandhurst; this nice gentleman told our faithful representatives in parliament, during the first chapter of the present Session, that Barracks were absolutely necessary for the purpose of "*keeping the soldiers from having any communication with the people.*" Well done, apt pupil of Old George Rose! Thou doest honour to the school of Pitt and Dundas! Thou art right worthy of being an associate of Castlereagh, Sidmouth, Jenkinson, and the Son of Mrs. Hunn!

Here you will see, my friends Weaver Boys, is an open avowal of another part of the general design. When we have complained of the expence of Barracks, we have been answered by one shuffle and another: and at one time it was pretended that Barracks were necessary to preserve the soldiers from being

*hurt* by the wicked Radicals. We were told that divers loyal Magistrates, in sundry places, had made pressing application for Barracks to be built in their neighbourhood. Who ever doubted the fact? for the reasons are plain: first, to overawe the people; next, to keep the soldiers away from the people; and, though last not least, to cause a good sum of the public money to be expended upon or near the estates of the said loyal Magistrates. But there was always a shuffle of some sort or other till now; and now this humble imitator of Castlereagh has told us in so many words, that the object of Barracks is to prevent the soldiers from having any communication with the people. And thus is not only the thing done which Blackstone reprobated as incompatible with the preservation of the constitution of England; but further, the thing is avowed to have been done upon the very grounds which Blackstone states as the great objection to the same thing!

However, we always gain by driving the fellows up into a corner; by compelling them to speak out; by leaving them no subterfuge; by sticking them



up before the world in their true colours.

In the mean while, in spite of Barracks and of Laws to put us to death if we seduce a soldier from his duty to go and drink a pot of beer: in spite of these, the communication, the interchange of thought and of feeling, is not cut off between the Soldiers and their Fathers, Grandfathers, Uncles, Nephews, Cousins and Brothers. The Soldiers and the people do talk together; they have a right to talk together; and they will talk together in spite of all the Laws and regulations in the world. In a subsequent page, you will find, if I have room for it, a correspondence carried on between Mr. Alderman Wood and that profound gentleman, the Duke of Rutland, and his Officers, being his underlings in the regiment of Leicestershire Militia, of which he is the Colonel. I beg you to read that correspondence. You will find that every possible effort has been made to cause it to be believed, that the Soldiers of the Leicestershire Militia *did not send an Address* to our best, truest and staunchest friend, her Majesty the Queen. You will find that all these efforts have

only tended to establish the genuineness of the Address, and to do honour to that spirited and really loyal regiment. You will find, that Mr. Alderman Wood, in his Letter to the Duke of Rutland, has some pretty significant and important observations; and you will find that the Duke, though he had not sense enough to keep himself out of the squabble, had sense enough to give the Alderman's observations the go-by!

What is the real state of the Army; and by army I mean the *real* Army; the regular Army; the Artillery, the Marines, the regiments of Horse and the regiments of Foot. What is the state of this army, as to the sentiments, wishes, and intentions of our Sons and Brothers and relations composing it, with regard to ourselves and with regard to the Queen, I shall pretend to give no opinion; though I hear a great deal and read a great deal about the matter. But one topic most anxiously obtruded upon public attention by our adversaries. I will in spite of banishing and hanging laws, venture to touch upon. These adversaries have discovered, of late, that soldiers ought never to *deliberate*. That they

are merely to do what they are bidden; to abstain from doing what they are forbidden to do; never to *think*, having others appointed to think for them; and, in a word, to be *mere machines*, composed indeed of eyes, ears, brains, hearts, bones, flesh, muscles, blood, and guts; but as to all purposes to which they are to be applied, as to all their capacities, mental as well as corporeal, they are to be machines as completely as are your looms and spinning jennies. Now then, look at these machines, and then look back at the "*gentlemen cadets*" who are to have the using of them; and then look at what Blackstone says about the sort of army that *ought not to be suffered to exist in England*; and when you have done this, you will want nothing farther to illustrate the doctrine of our adversaries, whether as to its nature or tendency.

But, come! we will not be shuffled off thus. These adversaries of ours have recently told us, that the Horse Soldiers on Hounslow Heath, *gave the King three glorious cheers!* They have also recently told us, that bodies of Soldiers have done the same with regard to

"the great Captain of the Age," *the Hero of the Helder*; and to some others. Now, did these huzzas take place in consequence of a *word of command* being given for them? If they did, what a shocking attempt to deceive us was the report of those huzzas! If they did not proceed from word of command, they proceeded from the *will* of the Soldiers; where there is an act proceeding from will, there must be *deliberation*; and thus have we the authority of our adversaries themselves for saying, that soldiers may laudably deliberate. But, and now mark me! Do you not remember that a great many of the regular regiments and regiments of militia, too, agreed to subscribe and did subscribe a *day's pay each* towards a fund for lending assistance to those people that were called *German sufferers*? You must remember this, for I remember it very well. Now, then, *Corruption*; now, then, you old strumpet; now, then, you She-Devil, you will hardly say that Soldiers did not deliberate here! You will hardly say that they gave up a part of their own hard-earned pittance, upon *word of command*; for if they did, they were *robbed*; the



robbers were highwaymen ; and they ought now, if they be alive, to be hanged ! Oh ! No ! You will say that they were not robbed ; that they were not bullied out of their money to be given to the Germans ; that nobody told them, with a significant look, that it would be *better for them to give the money than not*. By no means ; you and I both know that nothing of this sort took place ; and that the gift of the money was the *perfectly voluntary act of the soldiers*. Well, then, Corruption ; well then, thou diabolical hag ! There must have been deliberation here. One would imagine, too, that it would require a pretty long and minute detailed deliberation ; a good deal of statement of fact and of reasoning ; a good deal of considering and balancing ; a wonderful deal of discussion and persuasion, before a soldier could be induced voluntarily to *fast for a day*, it being notorious that with him every day's pay is absolutely necessary to furnish even a very

frugal meal for that day. Well, then, old hypocritical hag, here was deliberation enough. Observe, too, that the result of the deliberation was to make the commander of the regiment, and even the government itself, the organ of executing the will of the men ! Away, then, with the humbug, the chousing, cheating, villainous doctrine, *that soldiers are not to deliberate*. But, I tell thee, hag ; I tell thee, thou abomination of the world, that the *Mutiny Act* itself, authorises soldiers to deliberate. It is that Act on which alone the existence of the army rests. And that Act says that a soldier shall be punished, if he disobey any *lawful* command of his superior officer. Now, thou sanguinary old hag, what is this word *lawful* put in here for, if the soldier be never to deliberate ? If a superior officer were to order a soldier to shoot the King, aye, or the Queen either ; it is true that the officer would be guilty of

high treason; but, thou silly old hag, would not the soldier be guilty of high treason also? If an officer were to draw forth a body of men and order them to go and shoot a parcel of people in the Strand, the soldiers would all be hanged for murder, to be sure, and the officer would be hanged or transported as an accessory before the fact. According to your doctrine, an officer commanding a regiment might slaughter all the people in a town by means of his regiment; and all the murderers would escape punishment; and even the officer himself might escape, for he might leave the order behind him and get out of the kingdom himself before the slaughter began.

Any thing so monstrous as this never entered into the head of any one but thee, thou unfeeling, brutal, and besotted Corruption. Oh, no! if you please, the soldier is, in his own person, answerable for all the acts which he commits in viola-

tion of the laws of the land; and, of course, thou infamous old hag, thou corrupter of the heart, thou cruel old harridan, it rests with the soldier himself to determine what commands are lawful and what commands are unlawful. If the soldier were commanded to kill the King; to kill any private citizen; to rob a house; to break into a house for an unlawful purpose; or, in short, to steal, or to do any other act that was unlawful; it would be for him to refuse to do the act. This nobody can deny; but how is he to refuse, until he has thought upon the subject; until he has considered and well weighed, whether the act be right or wrong; lawful or unlawful; and how is this work of thinking and considering to be carried on without *deliberation*?

Equally applicable is all that I have here said to *bodies* of soldiers as well as to individual soldiers. Whether it be a single soldier or whether it be a thousand



soldiers that compass the death of the King, or the Queen, the effect is the same. If a regiment, having received the command of their Colonel to march for the purpose of attacking, killing, or imprisoning either the present King or the present Queen; and, if they were to advance only one single step upon the word march being given, every mother's son of them would be guilty of high treason. Yet, they must either at once obey the command; or refuse to obey the command. Before they can refuse they must deliberate; and then thou brutal and bloody old Hag, what becomes of your doctrine? The regiment has only this alternative; to deliberate, or to become traitors.

The truth is, my friends, that soldiers, more than any of us, are called upon carefully to deliberate; because they may receive commands, which are *unlawful*; whereas we are in no danger of this sort; we have

nobody to command us. If we violate the law we do it of *our own heads*; but a soldier, if he pay no attention to the law, which makes him a soldier; and indeed, also to the oath which binds him in more immediate duty towards the King; if he pay no attention to this law, he may be induced, by the commands of others, to commit even the crime of treason, for which crime and for every other that he commits, in violation of the laws of the land, he is responsible in his own proper person. Therefore, instead of soldiers possessing no *right* to deliberate, and carefully to deliberate, too, it is their bounden *duty*. Having placed this matter in a fair, and, I trust, a clear light, I shall say no more about the army at present, but merely this: that I always hear with very great pain of squabbles and quarrels and affrays between the soldiers and the people. There must have been a very anxious desire to have a quarrel, when

an affray could arise out of a drunken soldier's catching an apple off a stall at Leeds. This was literally "*the apple of discord*." It would be a curious thing indeed, if a people seriously bent on an all important object could suffer their cause to suffer injury for the sake of an apple! For God Almighty's sake let us not quarrel with our sons and brothers, merely because they are dressed in red coats! Let us never abuse them, flout them, despise them, nor shun them. There are some of the people in London, who yet revile that fine and gallant corps, the Life Guards, merely because those guards were once employed in an enterprise, as to which, after all, we found that the people had very little interest. I, myself, was once a soldier. I remember the many, many days that my long stomach was compelled to go with less than a quarter part of its complement. I know very well what soldiers are; I know that they are generous in all their sentiments; that they are true to each other; that they are faithful to their duty, generally speaking; and that they have no hostile feeling towards the people at large. I can remember when I was just such a person as some of these very Life Guardsmen; and I know, that I should not have liked to be called a "*Piccadilly Butcher*," or to have had brick-bats thrown at my head. I, therefore, exhort all those who wish to see our distracted country restored to happiness and freedom, not to abuse, not to revile, not to taunt, and not to shun a Soldier or a Sailor of any description. I have addressed my little grammar (of which by the bye a new and corrected edition will soon come from the press) to *Soldiers* and *Sailors* as well as to apprentices and plough-boys. I did this from a sense of duty as well as from a feeling of friendship; and I most earnestly beg of you to adopt my example in this feel-



ing of friendship towards those of our countrymen, who, from causes merely accidental, are covered with coats of a colour different from that of our own. Pray remember what I have said here. Do not seek for occasions of quarrelling with and picking holes in the coats of the Soldiers. They have had no bad motive in becoming Soldiers; it is not likely that many of them have much more thoughtful heads upon their shoulders than I have; and yet, I am sure that I became a Soldier with hardly knowing the why or the wherefore. Soldiers are noisy, and sometimes quarrelsome when they are drunk. They take part with each other whether right or wrong. And do not other people do just the same things? For God's sake do not any longer play the game of the atrocious hireling press. Nothing delights this press so much as to have to give account of quarrels and of

fightings between the soldiers and the people. This alone ought to convince you of the necessity of living upon the most kind and friendly terms with your brethren of the army and the navy. *Never shun them*; but, on the contrary, seek and carefully cultivate an intercourse with them. Find occasions for communing with them on all matters of public interest. Furnish them, or point out to them such newspapers and other publications as you deem calculated firmly to implant in their minds a sense, and a clear sense, too, of their duty towards their country and their King. In short, consider them and treat them as brethren; and that your mutual friendship may be ardent, steady, durable, and conducive to the best of all earthly ends, is the fervent prayer of your and their friend,

WM. COBBETT.

N.B. Parson Cunningham, of Harrow, his brethren, their conduct and some remarks on their dear temporalities, shall be touched upon next week.

That worthy little, public spirited man, SAM. WADDINGTON, has been tried at the Middlesex Sessions, for promulgating a hand-bill, relating to the Queen, and calling upon the people to love and cherish our brave soldiers. He defended himself against two lawyers; and an honest jury acquitted him.

The first volume of Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates is completed; and will be ready for sale, bound in boards, by Saturday next.

A second and corrected edition of the "Peep at the Peers" is now on sale, price fourpence. There having been more time to do the work, this edition is better printed than the first, for the slovenly execution of which

the Authors beg leave to hope for the forgiveness of an indulgent public.

The *Peep into the Dungeon*, will probably not be undertaken by any body, except I should find courage to undertake it myself. It is the getting of the materials that constitutes the greatest difficulty. A plan for doing this will probably be pointed out in the next Register.

The *Links of the Lower House*, is to be a companion piece to the "Peep at the Peers;" but those only who actually have hunted out a needle in a bottle of hay, can form an idea of the labour that must be performed before this work shall be completed. However, it must be done; for fate, or, rather, her Majesty the Queen, has been graciously pleased to ordain, that this nation shall no longer be deceived.



THE ADDRESS OF THE LEICESTERSHIRE MILITIA.

(From the Traveller.)

The following correspondence has passed upon the above subject. We think it our duty to lay it before the public, that the manly character of Alderman Wood may be appreciated as it deserves. The other letters are beneath comment:—

*Leicester, Aug. 27.*

SIR,—As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Leicester Regiment of Militia, I request the favour of you to send me the names of the two individuals whose signatures were to the Address purporting to be the Address of the Privates of the regiment to the Queen, and also to mention from whom you received it, and by whom it was presented. I ask these questions, as it appears that the privates of the regiment never even heard of the Address during the time they were embodied, and I observe it bears date three days previous to their dismissal.

I have the honour to be, &c.

M. HULSE.

To Alderman Wood, M. P. &c.

*London, Aug. 30, 1820.*

SIR,—I am honoured with your letter of the 26th, requesting me to send you the names of the two individuals whose signatures were to the Address lately sent to me, purporting to be an Address from the Privates of the Regiment under your command; also to mention from whom I received it, and by

whom it was presented; and I should undoubtedly at once give you the information desired, were I not induced to infer, from the particularity and frame of your questioning, that the Address is considered by the Commandants of the Leicester Militia of an improper character; and that some proceeding may be in contemplation against the individuals of the regiment by whom the Address was signed. Your omitting to assign the ultimate object of the enquiry, fortifies me in this supposition; and I shall not therefore feel myself at liberty to send you the names of the parties without their previous concurrence, unless it appeared that the Address was not intended by the Privates of the Regiment to have been presented to her Majesty. If the Address, purporting to be an Address from the Privates of your Regiment, was not, in truth, authorised by them, I shall not be found backward in exposing the deception; but shall be most anxious to give you all the information in my power. For the present, however, I must decline doing more than referring you to the Serjeant-Major, who, I am informed, was dispatched by the Officers of the Regiment to repress the shouts of the Privates of the Leicester Militia in favour of her Majesty; from whom I should apprehend you will be able to obtain much more satisfactory information than it is in my power to give.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) MATTHEW WOOD.

To Lieut.-Col. Hulse.

*Arlington Street, 5th Sept. 1820.*

SIR,—Having seen two letters which have recently been exchanged between yourself and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Leicestershire Regiment of Militia, I felt it incumbent upon me, as its Colonel, to inform you, that the questions put to you by Colonel Hulse were not asked with any view of proceeding against those men whom you might name, as having signed the Address to the Queen, purporting to be from the Privates of that Regiment. I am not aware of any proceedings that *could* be instituted against them: certainly not, after it had been satisfactorily ascertained, that the two names which it is understood were alone subscribed to the Address were affixed to it, without the knowledge of the men themselves, by individuals not belonging to the corps. An instance of such palpable fabrication is scarcely on record, and the detection of it was due to the insulted honour and military character of the regiment; and since it was evident, either that the person to whom the supposititious Address was transmitted had been egregiously duped, or that her Majesty, to whom it was presented, had been shamefully imposed upon, Lieut.-Col. Hulse felt himself called upon to afford you the opportunity, which now I again offer, of assisting in the exposure of the transaction.

I observe that your letter alludes to the reported shouts of the men in favour of her Majesty upon the disbanding of the regiment. I transmit to you the

copy of a letter, which, upon that particular point, I have received from my Quarter-master; in which the real circumstances that occurred upon that occasion are fully detailed. It is right that I should add, that ill-designing persons are at this moment making the most active exertions to entrap some of the privates into a late avowal of their sanction of the Address, in the teeth of the positive disavowal which was fully and decisively given a few days since by 420 privates, to the non-commissioned officers who went round for the purpose of ascertaining the real state of the case, and who, from accidental circumstances, were unable to see the remainder of the men.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) RUTLAND.

Col. Leicestershire Regiment.  
To Alderman Wood.

*Leicester, Sept. 3, 1820.*

MY LORD DUKE—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your Grace's letter of the 1st inst., and lost no time in seeing the Serjeant-Major, and again inquiring from him the particulars of what took place in the drill-field the evening before the regiment was disbanded. It was the custom, during the period of training, for the men to fall in at their companies private parade, both morning and evening, when they were marched by their respective non-commissioned officers to the drill-field.

The companies had marched to different parts of the field, and the orders had been read



them, when the serjeant-major called for the serjeants to collect their reports; during this time four or five men in plain clothes joined in conversation with some of the grenadiers, and No. 1. company. One of them said, "Come, my lads, give us three cheers for the Queen, and said, *now*," when two of the grenadiers and one of No. 1. company pulled off their caps and cheered, and not more than eight or nine seemed to take any notice of it. On seeing this, he immediately fell them in, and the townsmen skulked away. Shortly afterwards I arrived, when the serjeant-major reported to me what had occurred. I blamed him for not ascertaining their names and residence.

Alderman Wood must have been misinformed respecting the serjeant-major being sent by the officers to repress the shouts of the men, as there were no officers present. The adjutant and myself only attended the drill, (and he was dining out that day) Colonel Hulse thinking the men would come on much faster under the serjeants, till they became perfect with the firelock. The day the regiment was disbanded there was no parade except by companies to give in their arms and accoutrements at the magazine. I commenced taking them in at six o'clock in the morning, two companies attending every hour till the whole were received, and no men could conduct themselves more properly than they did during the time I was receiving them.

I have before stated to your Grace that the men were marched from their private parades, morning and evening, to the drill-field, under the serjeants; at twelve o'clock the whole regiment assembled in the market-place, when the officers of course inspected and took post with their companies.

The *Leicester Chronicle* of this week having stated a deal more than is true, I have taken the liberty of forwarding one for your Grace's perusal, and am very sorry to see that any of our men have become the dupes of a set of designing men, and with the exception of Lilly, Newton, and Brookes, and perhaps some few others, I am confident the privates knew nothing of any such thing as an Address.

I have the honour, &c.

DEAKINS.

Quarter-master, L. M.

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*Leicester, Sept. 3, 1820.*

We, the undersigned non-commissioned officers of the Leicestershire Regiment of Militia, do hereby declare, that, during the late training of the regiment, we never at any time heard of an intention, on the part of the privates, to present an Address to the Queen, and that, since an Address has been presented to her Majesty on their behalf, we have seen the men resident in Leicester, and the different villages in the county, to the number of 420, all of whom positively disavowed any knowledge of such Address, or that the same was ever seen, heard, or read by

them, or ever gave any sanction thereto; and we farther declare, that if an Address had been in contemplation during the training, the same must have come to our knowledge.

*Serjeant-Major*—W. Wheatley.

*Serjeants*—Thos. Johnson, Geo. Highton, J. Hutchin, Geo. Johnson, W. Lewis, J. Jelly, Jo. Dudgeon, Th. Joane, Th. Hoges, J. Hickingbottom, J. Fossett, J. Squires, J. Mackers, J. Lee, J. March, R. Eabrey.

*Corporals*—H. Nicholson, Wm. Welton, J. Smalley, T. Sills, W. Elliott, W. Carey, C. Bass, W. Bishop, J. Waldrom, Jo. Maffie, N. Cox, J. Wakerley, J. Newton, J. Bradshaw, Ro. Adcock, E. Whittingham.

*Drum-Major*—Jo. Gisborne.

*Drummers*—J. Norton, Thos. Warden, Wm. Asher, Wm. Newcomb, C. Houghton, W. Hall, J. Brewin.

*Brandenburgh-House, Sept. 7.*

MY LORD,—In answer to your letter of the 5th inst., I have first to observe on the extraordinary circumstance that an Address from the privates of a regiment to their lawful and persecuted Queen, should be deemed by their Colonel an insult to the honour of the regiment. This idea, if it have no other merit, has at least that of novelty. The soldier does indeed assume the military garb, but in cheerfully performing this part of the duty of a good subject, he does not forfeit his civil rights, much less

does he forfeit the right of exercising his judgment, and of acting agreeably to his feelings as a man.

That the men had a right to express their attachment to her Majesty, and their abhorrence of the treatment that she had experienced, I know full well. I am convinced that the Address contained the real sentiments of this regiment; and I know that it was agreeable to her Majesty to receive the same.

As to the inquiries said to have been made of the men individually, and reported by the Serjeant-major, Adjutant, and Quarter-master, I am too well acquainted with the nature of the powers of such persons over the men, to pay the smallest attention to such reports.

The account which you are pleased to give me of designing persons even now engaged to entrap some of the privates into an avowal of the Address, induces me to inform your Lordship that I have this morning received an Address signed by 300 of the privates, accompanied with a letter, stating that a much larger number would have signed it, if they could have obtained the Address at their residence.

By one reflection, however, I am consoled, and that is, that the private soldier has at last come to be considered as a being whose feelings and wishes are worthy of attention.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MATTHEW WOOD.

To his Grace the Duke of Rutland.



*Arlington-street, Sept. 9. 1820.*

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th instant. With respect to the Address which you state yourself to have received on that day, signed by 300 privates of the Leicestershire regiment of Militia (which regiment, it should be remarked, has been disembodied more than 6 weeks) it is singular that it should have been thought necessary to obtain additional signatures to an Address which three weeks since you published to the world as having proceeded from the whole of the privates of the regiment. It is impossible that a more striking presumption can be afforded to the public of the truth of the charge of gross and infamous imposition and forgery which attaches to the Address presented by you to her Majesty on the 17th of August, than the facts, that the Address which purports to be from "the Privates of the Leicestershire Regiment" had, according to your own admission, only two names subscribed, and that, except by the two persons whose names were so subscribed, the Address had never been seen or heard of. As to the additional signatures, to which you appear to attach so much importance, I will only transcribe a sentence in the letter which I yesterday received from my Adjutant, dated on the 6th instant:—"I have this morning been informed that an Address to the Queen, with upwards of 200 signatures, was yesterday forwarded; but I have no doubt, were it possible to see the list of the names,

it would be found that many are down who never did belong to the regiment, others are affixed with the decided assent of the parties, and some have been obtained by false representations." There is nothing in the remaining parts of your letter which appears to me to require any comment or reply.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
your obedient humble servant,

(Signed) RUTLAND.  
Colonel Leicestershire Regiment.

To Alderman Wood.

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*To the Editor of the Leicester Chronicle.*

SIR,—Perceiving, by the *Courier* of Monday last, that his Grace the Duke of Rutland still labours to have it believed that the Address from the Leicestershire Militia to the Queen was fabricated; and also that Quarter-master Deakin says, "with the exception of Lilly, Newton, and Brooks, and perhaps a few others, the privates knew nothing of the Address," we beg you will allow us to state, that 300 of the privates, having seen the Address, which was signed by deputy, contradicted by Colonel Hulse, and Quarter-master Deakins, declared they had a full knowledge of it when it was agreed to, and, to prove this, signed their names to another copy of the same Address, and wished it to be presented to the Queen for her satisfaction. This was accordingly done, and since that time numbers of privates, who were

out at harvest work, have made application to sign their names also. The Duke of Rutland and the Adjutant further wish it to be believed that the names signed to the Address were not those of men belonging to the regiment. To this point, however, we are ready and willing at any time to make an affidavit, if required; and we have no objection to accompany a non-commissioned officer, to see every man who signed the Address, to prove that the names were not forged. Now, with respect to the men shouting in the field, Quarter-master Deakins asserts that there were only three men who shouted: this Mr. Deakins must know to be void of truth. The fact is, that the men were all marched into the field, and broke up for half an hour as usual, while the drill-serjeants received their orders. This being done, almost all the privates began to huzza for the Queen, which greatly enraged the Serjeant-major, who immediately ordered the drum to beat, to

fall in, which every man did. The Duke states, that the non-commissioned officers obtained a positive disavowal of the Address from four hundred and twenty of the privates, and that, from accidental circumstances, they were unable to see the remainder. Now we can prove, that in the Loughborough district alone, out of forty-two men, only ten were asked the question; and that at Oadby, Serjeant Jelly and Corporal Smally saw only three out of twelve, though the names of all were set down as disavowing the Address. Conscious of having done our duty to our King, as well as to our Queen, we remain, &c. Thomas Staines, David Brookes, John Cooke, Richard Newton, Wm. Lilley, John Langton, John Atkins, John Wingell, Wm. Peake, Valentine Woolley, James Merrell, James Roote, Jeremiah Wood, Wm. Hodgskin, John Kent, Richard Billings, Thos. Dilkes, Peter Parker, James Johnson, John Mann.